

Campbell Interurban Press

VOLUME 22, No. 20

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1916

Golden Harvest Flour

Some flours cost more than Golden Harvest—but there are none that give better satisfaction.

It's a Special Blend—and every Sack guaranteed.

Gold Medal Butter

It is made under the Supervision of Mr. John Sollie who is the Champion Buttermaker of the United States. It is always uniform in quality—Phone 37J.

Farmers Union Branch

Preparedness? Yes!

No Nation, No Individual can be excused in any crisis or emergency for want of Preparedness.

It is Time for thoughtful persons as well as for brave nations, to think carefully concerning the future.

This Bank will bear its part efficiently as applied to the individual and the nation. Its services and all its departments are at your disposal.

The Bank of Campbell

THESE COOL MORNINGS

are a gentle reminder that Fall is here and Winter approaching.

There's nothing so handy and comfortable as a New Perfection Oil Heater.

They begin to warm the room the moment you strike the match.

Whitman's Hardware

CAMPBELL GARAGE

E. W. PRESTON, Prop.

Sub-Agent

Harley-Davidson Motorcycles & Smith Motor Wheels

Automobile, Motorcycle and Bicycle Sundries & Repairing

All Work Guaranteed

A Full Line of Republic TIRES and TUBES
FISHING TACKLE

Automobile Oils, Greases and Gasoline

91 W. Campbell Ave.

Phone: Campbell 21 J

We will have a full Line of School Books, Tablets, Pencils, Mechanical Drawing Sets, Ink, Paste, Erasers and Everything for School.

Orchard City Drug Co

Advertise in the Press

Local and Personal

Piano for sale; good condition, 225 North Central Ave.

Jackson and Evans self-filling fountain pens \$1 at SMITH'S.

Prof. James spent several days in the bay cities during the past week.

Now is the time to have H. C. Smith send in your subscription for magazines.

J. M. Butts has moved into his recently completed bungalow on North Second street.

J. H. Stubbe is having trouble again with his arm which was infected with blood poisoning some time since.

Allan Beardsley and Floyd Bohnett were among the spectators at the "Big Game" at Ewing Field Saturday.

The Misses Mattie and Merna Sawyer and Roy Sawyer were in San Francisco Saturday to see the foot-ball game.

Mrs. A. A. Purmort is in Seattle, Washington, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Holden, and sister, Mrs. Lambert.

The Petaluma Work Shoe, the quality line \$4.00 and \$4.50. Shoe Repairing by Electric Machinery.

E. E. SOWER'S Cash Shoe Store.

The homes on Sunny Oaks avenue are being wired for electricity, sufficient patrons having been secured to bring about the installation on that road.

E. N. Lewis and Miss Jessie are completing the cycle of moves by leaving their former home on Union avenue and occupying their new home, the recent M. E. parsonage.

Three quilts, made by the ladies of Orchard City Grange, can be seen in the vacant store window west of the Bank. They will be sold at auction Nov. 21st, 7:30 P. M. at the Coffee Club.

H. W. Morton moved Friday from the recently acquired M. E. parsonage to the house at the end of Campbell avenue, south of the H. W. Higbie home. The Lloyd family began moving on Monday and are getting settled in their new home.

The basket-ball game between the Santa Clara and Campbell high school teams played, last Friday, at Santa Clara, was a very interesting one, being their first meeting this season in a league game. The final score showed the Santa Clara boys' winners, by 32 to 21. Better luck next time, Campbell.

At the annual meeting of the Northern California Indian Association held in Trinity Parish house, last Friday Mrs. J. Fred Smith was elected one of the directors, and at their meeting later was chosen President of the board of directors. Rev. Wm. Eckles spoke at the meeting telling of the Indian conditions in Modoc county, where he was located before coming to Campbell. The Guild of the Congregational church has sent boxes of clothing and other articles to the Indian school at Guinda and others to Fort Bidwell.

Mrs. A. B. Townsend and Mrs. D. H. Cramer received word some time since of the death at Valparaiso, Chili, of Mr. Arthur Hall, a relative of Mrs. Townsend's, and whose wife, Mrs. Ellnor Hall, is a cousin of Mrs. Cramer's. She brot his body to Los Gatos for interment, his sister, Mrs. E. H. Blakey, residing in Union district. Mrs. Dowell, sister of Mrs. Hall came for the funeral which was held Saturday, and was the guest of Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Davidson. The two ladies left Monday for Douglas, Arizona, where Mrs. Hall will spend the winter with her sister. She rather expects to return in the spring to reside in this vicinity.

Musical Afternoon

The last meeting of the Pundia Circle was held at the home of Mrs. I. P. Beal, which was decorated with Hallowe'en novelties. The program was one of the musical numbers, the subject being "Ecclesiastical Music."

It consisted of the following selections:

Song Reading, "Song of St. Cecilia's Day"

Miss Forbes

Paper, "What Music Is", Mrs. I. P. Beal

Piano Solo, Muriel Ellison

Paper, "The Origin of Music"

Mrs. C. W. Toles

Violin Solo with piano accompaniment

Misses Myrtle Curry and Bozena Kalas

Paper, "The Five Great Nations in History"

Mrs. W. Nelson

Paper, "The Netherlands' School"

Mrs. Clara Davidson

Vocal Solo, Irene Toles

Paper, "The Organ," Mrs. C. Corning

Paper, "Music Before The Christian Era"

Mrs. C. Gill

Piano Solo, "The Nuns' Chorus,"

Mrs. M. E. Purmort

During the playing of the last number six little girls dressed as white nuns marched thru the rooms. Refreshments followed the program, pumpkin pie being piece de resistance.

Anniversary Party

One of the pleasant social functions of the past week was the reception Thursday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Rodeck when they celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodeck were assisted in the receiving and entertaining of their guests, by Miss Mary and Ben Rodeck, Miss Louise Lloyd, Miss Emma Swope, Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. J. D. Blaine.

Quantities of chrysanthemums were used in decorations, in combination with huckleberry. During the evening several selections were played on the Victrola, and Mrs. Shelly, Warren French and Ernest Barron sang several delightful numbers, and Miss Hawley and Warren Shelly gave humorous recitations that were much appreciated.

A daintily appointed luncheon was served in the dining-room which was a bower of flowers and greenery. The buffet was hidden beneath a wealth of chrysanthemums and smilax, while the table was wreathed with the same, and at each end were French baskets of pink roses and asparagus fern. The centerpiece was a real wedding cake with the traditional decorated frosting and white flowers.

Just before parting the company joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and left with many expressions of good-will for the continued happiness of their host and hostess.

Out of town guests who were present were, Mrs. Hawley and Miss Maud Hawley, Mrs. Clark and Miss Mary Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren French, all of San Jose, and Mrs. Turnbull of San Francisco.

Coupland--Papst

Very pretty, tho quiet, wedding nuptials were celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coupland of Hamilton avenue, Monday evening, when their daughter, Gertrude, became the bride of Mr. Darrell W. Papst.

The wedding party took their places to the strains of the popular Lohengrin march, the Rev. Wm. E. Eckles, who read the pretty ring service, preceding, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bohrmann, who acted as groomsmen and matron of honor, and then by the bridal couple.

Miss Coupland made a very pretty bride in gown of white crepe de chine with silver lace, and tulle veil, in cap effect, fastened with a coronet of Cecil Bruener roses. Her bouquet was of white carnations and asparagus fern, and Mrs. Bohrmann's of the pink carnations.

Refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served by the bride's sisters and the Misses Wana Keesling and Mary Eisentraut.

Mr. and Mrs. Papst left by auto for San Jose and Tuesday went to Redding where they will make their home.

Mrs. Papst is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coupland and has grown to womanhood in this community, where she attended its public schools and was affiliated with the Methodist young people.

For the past year she has been at Westwood, where she became acquainted with her husband, who more recently has been employed at Eureka, but has now moved to Redding. It was this unexpected change of business location which necessitated the change in their plans, the date of the wedding having been previously set for the twenty-ninth.

The Press joins with their friends in extending best wishes for their happiness and prosperity.

Married

Thomas D. Ash of Palouse, Whitman Co., Washington, and Mrs. J. M. Warren of Sacramento, were married at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. P. Coitman of San Jose, November 2nd, 1916, (his mother's birthday) by his father, the Rev. George O. Ash, a superannuated minister of Campbell.

Another Bunko Game

The Campbell post-office has been advised to hold up all mail addressed to the National Mail Order Brokerage Exchange of Minneapolis, Minn. This firm has been sending out circulars offering a \$4.75 silk petticoat to any lady who will send 10c and five of the copies of the circular to her friends.

Campbell dimes are plentiful and patrons here have done their portion toward adding to the 30,000 letters a day received by the Minneapolis post-office. The parties responsible for the advertising became alarmed and have disappeared. Federal authorities are in search of them.

The town of Westhofen, in Germany, still enforces and old ordinance which forbids anyone walking in the street with a lighted cigar.

Blaine's The Store of Quality **Blaine's**

A New Stock of Flannelette, 15c a yard.

Those who took advantage of our sale of flannelette at 12½c have reason for self-congratulation. We are obliged to advance the cost, for this new lot, to 15c a yard. Remember, prices for cotton goods are still advancing. Buy what flannelette you need before it takes another jump. Entirely new patterns in this lot.

Comfort-Size Cotton Bats—\$1

There is one bit of advice that it's perfectly safe to follow; that is, "buy now". To-day's prices may appear high, but they will look cheap to-morrow. One dollar seems high for comfort-size bats; but this new lot will, no doubt, be the last at this price. The next lot will probably be \$1.10, or higher. Buy now.

The December Fashion Sheet is Here.

Our mail-order department for Butterick Patterns is being more liberally patronized than we expected in so short a time. Ask for the latest Fashion Sheet, it's free.

Our canned-goods announcement has been well received, and our sales of this class of goods, during the past week, were quite unprecedented. Those who buy a good stock now are wise. Wholesale prices are soaring higher, and many brands are entirely off the market.

Blaine's
GENERAL MERCHANDISE



Campbell Lumber Co.

W. T. MORTON, Prop.

PHONE 13L

Lumber & Mill Work Lime, Cement Etc.
Campbell, Cal.

Campbell Market

Campbell California

A. S. GILSON, Prop.

Our Meats are good

Homer DeWitt Pugh

VOCAL ART

Elizabeth Aten Pugh

PIANO AND THEORY

647 E. Santa Clara St.

San Jose

Phone S. J. 1052

Calif.

Christian Science Services

in Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for November 19th, is "Soul and Body." Sunday-school at 9:45. The public is cordially invited.

Campbell School of Music

Jos. Halamecek, Director

Jos. Halamecek, Piano, Violin

Theory of Music

Jan Kalas: Cello, Vocal, Harmony

and Composition

Miss B. Kalas: Piano

B. O. Curry Bld'g. Phone: Campbell 18F12

See our new assortment of fountain pens at Smith's.

For Sale: Heating stove, also cook stove; both are bargains. Fine large walnuts; Sibley and Hubbard squabs for cooking. Geo. E. Hyde & Co.

Do you know

that we have just installed in our milk house a new steam boiler and large sterilizing oven with which we can completely sterilize our bottles and utensils according to the very best method.

This with the rest of our equipment goes to make up one of the most complete dairy outfits in these parts.

With our present equipment and careful methods we are confident that we are putting out a product that positively cannot be equalled from a sanitary stand point, outside of a certified dairy, and certified milk sells for twice what ours costs you.

Don't take our word for it—come out and see for yourself—it won't cost anything but your time and you may find that very well spent.

Orange Grove Farm

F. O. & K. U. Bohnett-Lessee

"Quality Products"

Phone Campbell 22F4

NASH WAS NO BEAU

Some Plain Truths About the
Noted "King of Bath."He Was a Tawdry Dresser, Says Goldsmith, Who Sought to Advertise
Himself, and His Jests Were
Coarse and Offensive.

They do some queer things over in that merry monarchy called England. They have always done them, from the time that Alfred the Great turned a spit in a peasant's kitchen down to the days when Sir Edward Carson organized a rebel army, equipped them with wooden guns, and got rewarded for his bit of revolutionary diversion with a portfolio in the cabinet. A country it is of strange contradictions, says the Kansas City Times, where, notwithstanding the rigidity of caste lines, brewers have become peers and peers wine peddlers, where ladies' maids have wedded princes and duchesses have set up millinery shops, where tramps have become lord mayors, and clerks dictators of fashion and chums of royalty, where "plungers" are called "bouncers," and where jokes are designated as "wheezes," and where a lot of other just as impossible things have been done and named from time immemorial.

For instance, in what country save England could an unknown man ride into a famous watering place, say, like Hot Springs, Ark., frequented by representatives from every stratum of society, from kings and queens to maids and mechanics, create a social and municipal sovereignty, with laws as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians, make noblesse oblige hobnob with laisses faire, exact social homage and obedience to his regulations from all, levy tribute and dispense bounty like a real king, and get away with it for 50 years? Yet that is what the celebrated "bouncer," Beau Nash did at Bath, the Hot Springs of England, in the days when England was suffering from the early Georges, the South Sea bubble and other foreign afflictions in the first half of the eighteenth century. There must have been some quality in a man that could do the things Nash did. Success doesn't succeed for any length of time unless there are reasons or conditions that support it.

In the first place, whatever else Richard Nash was, he was no beau. A good dresser he very emphatically was not. Beau Brummel laid down the dictum that a man who would be well dressed should so dress as to attract no attention. Beau Nash's idea was just the reverse of this. He dressed to advertise himself; he wanted his devotees at Bath to turn and look. He discovered the virtues of the hat as a stimulator of curiosity, and early adopted a big white one of a peculiar style as his official headgear. He was a "tawdry" dresser, says Goldsmith. In the second place, he was not a wit, although he set up for one. His jests were very "rough stuff," the sort that hurt. Here's a sample: A lady who had a very crooked figure came to take the waters, and the Beau erected her thus:

"Whence do you come, madam?"
"Straight from London," replied the dame.

"Egad," said Nash, winking at his courtiers, "you appear to have warped considerably on the way down."

And, in the third place, he was not polite. For instance, he asked a lady of quality to dance with him, and on her declining the honor, Nash replied, with some spirit:

"Why, d—n you, madam, what do ye come down here for? I must needs believe ye have bandy legs."

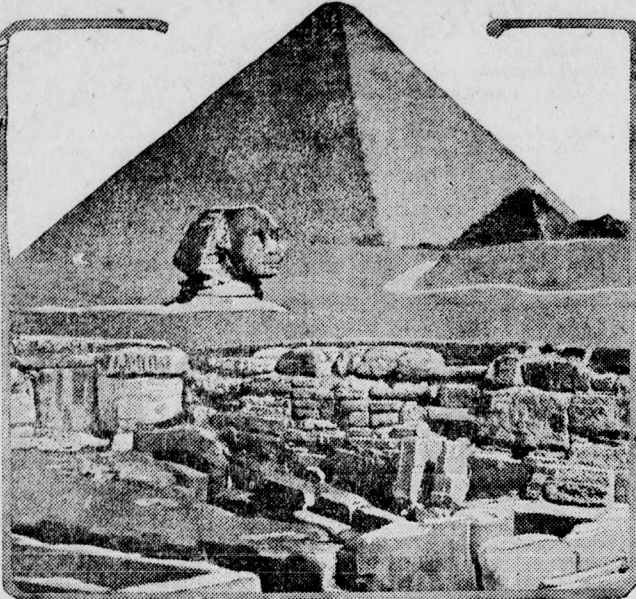
Honest Efforts.

Moses was fated never to enter the land of promise he so longingly viewed afar; and Columbus never found—who can now wish that he had?—that unimpeded sea route westward to India that he sought so wisely and so daringly. Yet still the world moves on, and by mysterious and unexpected ways the great, brave soul is permitted to subserve the benign purpose of God contemplating the elevation and blessing of man. And so, I cannot doubt, the unselfish efforts in our day for the amelioration of social hardships, though their methods may be rejected as mistaken or defective, will yet signally conduce to their contemplated ends. Fail not, then, humble helper, for "the good time coming," to lend your feeble light, to swell the sails of whatever bark is freighted with earnest efforts for the mitigation of human woes, nor doubt that the divine breath shall wait at last to its prayed-for haven!—Horace Greeley.

How Crying Helps the Baby.

Physicians who specialize in children's diseases are pretty well agreed that there are many occasions when crying is of decided benefit to babies, and that the harder and longer they cry at such times the better.

The benefit that comes from crying is largely the result of the change that takes place in a child's breathing. As the baby howls and sobs, its expirations are prolonged sometimes for as much as half a minute, and when they are interrupted it is by very short inspirations.

In The Pyramid
of Cheops

THE GREAT PYRAMID, AND SPHINX

EVERYONE who goes to Egypt sees of the Pyramids more or less—chiefly less—to the accompaniment of the demand for "backsheesh" by the ignorant, lying Arabs. Thousands have written their experiences of such sightseeing, says a writer in the New York Herald. But I made the acquaintance of an American at the Mena house who had been everywhere and who knew everybody. When I told him I would like to learn something of Cheops without the usual nuisance of guides who knew nothing, telling you everything, he smiled the smile of the man who had been there and knew the ropes. "Did you notice," he said, "a small American flag fluttering over a neat, white tent at the north of the base of old Cheops? For many years that has been the headquarters of my American friend, Mr. Dow Covington. He knows Cheops, inside and out, as the mother knows the face of her first born. He could walk through it blindfolded and tell you its story backward. He's the only man who can help you, if you can get him."

I found Mr. Covington located in a large, comfortably furnished tent, actually pitched in the very shadow of the Pyramid. "Come to my tent at eleven tonight," said Mr. Covington when, shortly after, I called upon him and made known my wish. "By that time the Arab guides will have gone and we will not be pestered by them. By the way, wear your worst suit of clothes and a pair of heelless, cloth or rubber-soled shoes, if you possess such a thing. The trip will test your nerve. I see you can stand it, and it will do you good; but don't count on keeping tomorrow's engagements," he added smilingly.

In the Pyramid at Midnight.

It was nearly midnight when, with lighted lanterns, we found ourselves at the entrance of Khufu's mausoleum, or, as it is more often called, owing to the fact that Herodotus, "the father of history," translated Khufu's name into Greek, the Pyramid of Cheops.

Opening an iron grill door, to which only Mr. Covington is authorized to carry the key, we entered a large, sloping passage some four feet high and three and a half wide, cut for the most part through solid natural limestone. Down this we crawled and slid for more than 300 feet, finally arriving at the lowest cavern of the pyramid, just 100 feet below the center of it. It is probably the chamber of which the Egyptian priests spoke to Herodotus, the one which they told him contained the mummy of Khufu, but which the first historian never had the pleasure of seeing. Near the center of the cavern, cut in solid rock, is a hole which resembles a deep grave. One wonders why. On the southern side is a long, narrow blind passage, also cut in the rock, and again one wonders why.

A short distance from the cavern is the lower end of an almost perpendicular well, some three feet by two, extending upward for 132 feet to the grand gallery. Through this deep well shaft Khufu's workmen made their egress after blocking with granite plugs the passage by which we entered. Again the question enters one's mind: Why this tremendous labor to construct an entrance and an egress for a tomb receptacle that apparently was never used?

Placing our feet and hands in the holes constructed by those workmen of the remote past and pressing our backs to the opposite wall of the narrow well, we slowly and laboriously began the 132-foot ascent. In 1902 Mr. Covington had removed some 34 feet of debris which clogged the lower end of the well. It was like Jean Valjean getting out of the cul-de-sac—a little like it. Using both hands and feet, back tightly pressed to the wall, my camera tied around my neck with a handkerchief, holding in my teeth the lantern, the heat of which, combined with that caused by intense physical exertion, made me feel as if I were in the hot room of a Turkish bath with all my clothes on, my patient companion in the lead unavoidably kicking down upon my head the

dust of more than fifty vanished centuries, while hundreds of bats, disturbed in their slumbers, flapped their wings in our faces as they passed between our limbs, we made that memorable ascent.

The Sepulchral Chambers.

I never fainted in my life, but the only reason that I did not do so on that occasion was the fear of adding still more unpleasant complications to those already on hand. Finally, after passing through the strange little grotto where Mr. Covington pointed out the mysterious granite block he discovered concealed there, we reached the grand gallery, where it was a heavenly pleasure to once more fill our lungs with good air.

We passed through the horizontal gallery and entered the Queen's chamber, the lower of the two sepulchral chambers in the Pyramid, although no sarcophagus was found there. We noticed the smooth, white, pointed roof, which distinguishes it from the granite King's chamber above. This Queen's chamber contains perhaps the finest masonry in the world, the joinings of the great white limestone blocks being almost invisible, yet they contain a thin, weblike film of white cement.

We returned once more to the grand gallery, leading upward to the large granite-lined room containing a sarcophagus, supposed to be Khufu's. This magnificent gallery, 155 feet long, 28 feet high and more than 7 feet wide, is built of white makattam limestone, so finely wrought and laid that into the joints between the blocks it is difficult to insert the point of a needle or even a hair. Above the second overlapping course of stones that compose the walls there is a finely cut four-inch groove that extends right around the entire gallery. Its use is unknown. Yet those ancients must have had excellent reasons for chiseling it out. Again, why?

Passing from the grand gallery through the small, mysterious granite antechamber, we found ourselves in the famous superb granite King's chamber, the walls of which are composed of just 100 blocks of red granite. We were alone, and standing by the side of the mutilated, lidless sarcophagus of that great Pharaoh who reigned more than 5,000 years ago. We had the Pyramid entirely to ourselves. It was long after midnight. There was a deadly silence, broken occasionally by the chirp of a distant bat. The sensation I experienced was one of eerie pleasure, not unminged with awe. I was in the presence of a great manifestation of power—the living power of a man dead nearly six millenniums ago; a man who in the morning of the world had wrought his own immortality in this architectural wonder of the ages. No one could help feeling exalted at the majesty and mystery of the great structure; its defiance of time and defeat of inquiry; its strength and beauty; its geometrical perfection. Then came over the exaltation a feeling of depression as of the weight of all the superimposed masonry above me, and upon that the weight of centuries and of death. We were in a structure of world-amazing grandeur, but for all that, a tomb.

Century-Old Diary.

Henry Crabb Robinson in his diary repeats many stories of the judges, Lord Eldon and Lord Mansfield among the rest. The latter, struggling with a congested calendar, on one occasion announced that he would hold court on Good Friday. At once there was rebellion on the part of the barristers. Sergeant Davey, with some warmth and more humor, arose and said: "There has been no precedent since the days of Pontius Pilate." Nevertheless, Mansfield held court with the attorneys, and without the barristers.

Another one that deserves to be resurrected from the diary is as follows: "One day when someone remarked: 'Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land,' Rolfe said to me: 'Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbor as himself?'"—Case and Comment.

BATTLE WITH A JELLYFISH

Expert Swimmer Was Forced to Tear
Creature to Pieces With
His Hands.

In the wake of the man-eating shark has come the ferocious jellyfish—a red, tentacled terror that attacks swimmers and stings them until they are almost frantic with pain.

This is not a matter of levity. Wilfred Tuthill, an expert swimmer, had an encounter with one of the stinging jellyfish one afternoon while swimming in the bay at Greenport, Long Island, and was badly stung, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Mr. Tuthill's account of the incident, corroborated by witnesses, indicates that the jellyfish is one of a species common in the same waters which are ordinarily infested by the man-eating shark. Mr. Tuthill said he had bathed in practically every body of water that touched the United States and in some other seas as well, but that he had never experienced anything like his battle with the jellyfish before.

"I was swimming on my back in deep water, talking to two of my friends who were coming along behind," he said. "Suddenly it seemed as if a hundred needles were thrust into my face. I turned over, almost blinded by the pain, and found myself all entangled with the thing."

"The turning movement of my body had brought the jellyfish right on top of me, with his tentacles trailing along my right side. The pain was excruciating. I tried to fight it off, and as I had nothing but my hands to do it with, there was nothing to do but tear the fish to pieces in handfuls, which I wrenched off and flung away."

"Every time I touched the thing and every time that it came in contact with me, I felt as if I were being burned with a flame. I finally got free, almost exhausted. Two men who had seen the beginning of the struggle put off in a boat, and when they came near enough one of them thrust an oar through what was left of the jellyfish and put an end to it."

Wealth From Waste.

Efficiency of any industry or business may largely be measured by the extent to which by-products are utilized. That word by-products means a thing which is obtained in the process of manufacturing something else. For instance, manure is a by-product obtained in the production of milk or beef, and the efficiency of a farm business may be measured pretty accurately by the way in which this by-product is utilized.

It often happens that whether a business renders a profit or a loss depends upon the extent to which by-products are saved and put to use. It is claimed that many meat-packing businesses would not pay a profit to their owners if it were not for the money made out of the by-products. Many of us know farmers who have lost money because they failed to use the manure in the most effective manner possible.

Many important manufactured products which we find common in the stores and homes today were one time let go to waste as unutilized by-products of some factory or business. Gasoline was only a few years ago a by-product which was a burden on the hands of the refiners of kerosene, who dumped it into the streams until prevented by law from doing so. And now we learn that a thing which was once a nuisance as well as a wasted by-product may go further than anything else toward the solution of our problem of where to get potash without depending on other nations for it, as we have depended upon Germany in the past.

The dust occurring in cement mills and blast furnaces has been found to be rich in potash of a quality which makes it available as fertilizer. And now some of the more progressive mills are saving their dust and making money out of it. And because of the value of this dust it will now pay to use certain grades of raw materials in the manufacture of cement and iron which formerly cost more to handle than the product was worth.—Farming Business.

Roasting Ears and Pancakes.

When the Golden Bantam has been boiled ten minutes in water, to which has been added a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and a good pinch of salt, pour the water off, and, while the corn is steaming in the pot under cover, proceed as follows:

To a pint of flour add two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt; bring to a batter through the medium of an egg, two-thirds of a cupful of cream and a cupful of water beaten together; when griddled to a fluffy brown, seat yourself at the table with the Golden Bantam to your left, pancakes to your right and a copious hunk of good country butter in the center. After liberally dopping both pancake and corn with butter, add a sprinkling of salt to the corn, bite one glorious nipping of the Golden Bantam, immediately add a wedge of pancake, close your eyes and forget all mundane things, including the lovely wife's hands, which prepared the ears, and any other such things so frequently connected with culinary editorials in this column. Just saturate with corn and pancake.

All in the Viewpoint.

"The author of two 'best sellers,' you say?"
"Yes."
"He looks quite ordinary."
"I don't see how you can say that. Anybody seated at the wheel of a \$7,000 car looks distinguished to me."

Harvest Time in
South Russia

THRESHING THE WHEAT

HARVESTING in Russia is one of the great events in the peasant's life. Weeks before the corn is ripe enough for cutting the bailiff goes around the villages on the estate and collects the extra hands needed for the work. Reaping machines are now used all over the country, but as there are many small woods and clumps of trees interspersed among wheatfields in the South, one often sees women with sickles finishing off difficult corners, says a writer in Country Life. They make a pretty picture in their bright dresses against the high golden wheat, with the dark woods in the background.

Women predominate in agricultural life in Russia and are great workers. Their babies are kept in the village crèches, and looked after by others till the mothers return at night. Sometimes the mothers take them in the fields. The women usually begin work about 5 a. m. and go on till twelve o'clock without a stop, when the midday meal is served. This is taken sitting on the ground. It generally consists of thick potato soup, or perhaps borstok (soup made with beetroots), "casha" (a brown grain boiled in the same way as rice), a raw herring, and a huge piece of black bread. Each peasant carries her own wooden spoon in her pocket, or tucked away in one of her big boots.

Water is served from a barrel, which goes from field to field, drawn by a donkey. The oxen are magnificent creatures, and it is nothing exceptional to see between thirty and forty pairs of them at work the same day. Horses are rarely used in the fields.

Between 4 p. m. and 5 p. m. an enormous samovar, (a special kind of urn heated by charcoal) is brought out, and boiling weak tea, with two lumps of sugar at least, is served to the workers in tin mugs. The men, of course, used to drink vodka, but now it is stopped, and happily so, for it is just about the strongest drink that exists. The tea hour being only a short respite, work is resumed with vigor and continued until six or nine o'clock, according to the weather. But, except for a terrific thunderstorm occasionally, it rarely rains at this time.

Fond of Fresh Fish.

Supper consists of practically the same menu as that which is eaten at midday, baked or boiled potatoes being generally substituted for the "casha," and sometimes pond carp, crayfish and perch, fried. All the meals are cooked outside. An oven and fireplaces made of clay and bricks are built in a sort of trench in a central spot, and here you see only men cooking.

Fresh-water fish form a very important addition to the food supply in inland Russia. As there are hundreds of miles of marshy ground, great ponds are made everywhere. The chief fish stocked are carp, tench and crayfish. The streams and rivers give excellent trout, but cray-fishing also affords good sport as well as being a considerable industry. A dark night is chosen, if possible, since in the moonlight the fish are easily scared and retire to the middle of the pond, where it is impossible to catch them. The fishers are armed with strong nets about the size of a washing basin, but deeper and weighted, which are attached to long poles. Approaching the pond as cautiously as possible, the nets are dropped in and allowed to sink to the bottom. Then everyone sits and waits in silence, but smoking furiously to keep away the mosquitoes, which are both large and venomous. Then men appear on the scene suddenly, flourishing large torches over the surface of the water, and the crayfish, retreating, walk into the nets, which have to be cleared and dropped again very promptly.

Women at Threshing Machine.

It is most interesting to watch the quick working of the threshing machine, which is driven by steam. The women never seem to cease—sheaf after sheaf is dropped in from above, and on one side you see the chaff and straw coming out, and on the other the wheat dropping right into the sacks awaiting it below. These again are tied up by the men. I watched the grain being separated from the chaff for 40 minutes, and during that time 11 big sacks were tied up, labeled and ready to put away in the granary.

While this is going on, hundreds of black and gray crows (the real Russian crow), come flying around to pick up what wheat they can, and in some parts the ground is just a patch of black and looks most strange. Even storks put in a dignified appearance just to see what is going on, and great eagles and hawks hover above waiting to feast on the mice.

The only Russian crow I have seen in captivity was a miserable specimen in Dresden. They are much more sinister looking than their British brothers, and even their "caw" is different. Their behavior in the wheatfield is extremely entertaining. The old birds hop about uttering weird little noises and gingerly picking up grains of wheat with which they feed their practically full-grown offspring. If the young bird has had enough it drops the grain in front of another crow, which generally snaps at it promptly.

The peasants receive pay according to the proprietor's wealth or generosity—sometimes 50 kopeks a day (25 cents), at other times one rouble (50 cents); but this varies greatly, as some estates are so much richer than others. In all and every case, however, the peasants receive collectively one-tenth of the wheat of every field they cut, and sometimes this adds up very considerably. In fact, what they earn in harvest time practically keeps them for the rest of the year.

Won't Work on Feast Days.

Sundays and feast days (and there are over a hundred of the latter) they will not work, but lie about in the fields and drink tea, etc. But they love music, and to the tune of the balalaika (a kind of mandolin) and the concertina they will sing and dance at any moment of the day. Many of the peasants are much richer than they look, and they still put their money in their stockings and bury it as of old.

But to return to the harvest. Towards sunset, when work is at its highest pitch in the vicinity of the threshing machine (which, by the way, the peasants greatly reverence, as it means food to them in the coming year), life is indeed worth living. The throbbing of the engines, the buzz of many voices, the lowing of the cattle, the glorious sunset, and, above all, that lovely golden haze (caused by the dust of the chaff) which rises ever so lightly, and which seems to put a veil over everything, just makes you long for your brush and palette.

But, the wheat cut, threshed and housed, the machine must be put away till next year. This is quite a ceremony and always takes place in the moonlight. First it is thoroughly overhauled and cleaned, then decorated with flowers, small sheaves and branches of trees. Between twelve and twenty pairs of oxen draw the machine, moving as slowly as possible. All those who have taken part in the harvest work walk beside and behind it—generally between one hundred and two hundred. Behind these come the villagers, everyone dressed in his best, and the girls with garlands of flowers on their heads, singing folk songs. This huge cavalcade moves at foot pace until it arrives at its destination, when the squire and all his family and guests come out to see the ceremonial housing. The peasants then receive something "extra" and return to their houses, generally having a rollicking time, playing and dancing far into the night.

World Growing Sane.

The theory that the world is growing mad under the stress and suffering of war is combated by Dr. William Graham of Belfast, an eminent Irish alienist. Doctor Graham is convinced by observation that there is less insanity now than there was before the war. He advances the theory that the hardships, the anxieties and the sacrifices of the struggle are strengthening the race mentally, physically and spiritually, instead of disturbing its stability.

Every great crisis, in the lives of individuals as of nations, carries with it the strength of soul and of body needed to cope with it. If that were not the case mankind would have been overwhelmed long ago by the tragedies of life.—New York Mail.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month. W. L. Merrill, W. M. James Fabinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Frank Conneland, Noble Grand. G. D. Poston, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend. E. K. Clendenning, Worthy Master. Mrs. Edna Keeshing, Worthy Secretary.

Fraternal Aid Union

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend. EDW. O. EVANS, President. Mrs. S. J. Brandenburg, Secretary.

Brotherhood of American Yeomen Orchard City Homestead No. 3055 meets 1st & 3rd Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall at Campbell. All Yeomen are cordially invited to attend meetings. Edward O. Evans, Harry C. Smith, Honorable Foreman Correspondent

Dr. Ernest A. Abbott

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A BAD EXAMPLE



But the citizen who takes no interest in his home town sets a worse example.

Perhaps if he read this newspaper regularly he would see what an interesting town this is.
Right now would be a good time for him to subscribe.

Is Grammar Essential?

Sometimes it is urged that formal grammar teaches children to write and speak correctly, but as all Americans have studied formal grammar, including newspaper reporters and salesmen, there would appear to be no guarantee that formal grammar study tends to correct habits of speech. On the other hand, I once knew a school where for fourteen years not a minute was spent on formal grammar, and, like the worm that does not miss a slice or two, no one ever knew the difference. —Atlantic Monthly.

Poultry

Your Uncle Henry, the quitters are on the job—high in and low seasoned egg yield is getting its work—no money in poultry, good bye, dreams. There is always room at the bottom for the man who quits through ignorance and lack of ability; also there is plenty of room at the top for the man who sticks—improves his methods—perseveres.

Yes, grain is high—higher than any of us have seen it before, but also, eggs are high and likely to be higher than the usual winter level, some compensation, but not enough to equalize the high and climbing feed values—What are we to do? First study the situation thoroughly, then fight it—your profit! Weed out the non-paying culs and "boarder" hens.

A cull is neither a thing of beauty or utility—and the "boarder" hen is the one who returns you about \$1 worth of eggs for \$2 worth of feed—she doesn't even pay her board. She exists in every flock, like the boarder cow in the dairy, and should be weeded out for meat. The Hogan and trap nest systems are the best, the latter the most infallible but requiring much more time and expense.

With the poor stock weeded out, strive for better feeding results. Because the pullets or hens do not lay, do not starve them, but feed to promote egg production. Don't buy cheap feeds to cut down costs, but buy good feed that will promote health and laying.

If barley is 50c a hundred cheaper than wheat or corn it doesn't mean that it is a cheaper food for you. It's the feeding value you should be governed by.

Feeding more greens and vegetables, boiling some of the latter and mixing with the mash and feeding this a little more liberally will help along in health, production and lower costs,—besides cutting down hard grain consumption a trifle.

As a matter of fact the mash ration has not advanced much in price, it has been the wheat-corn-barley combination that has soared the most.

Strengthen the mash with more fresh vegetable matter, keep the hens busy scratching for their hard grain ration—and get eggs to pay the bills with. With the range of grain prices at normal it costs about \$1.50 to feed a hen one year—at present range, about \$2.00 if it is done with care and grain bought in quantity at wholesale.

If you are keeping good hens, (and why keep poor ones!) you should average at least 10 to 12 dozen eggs a year—say 11 dozen at an average market price (store) of 25c dozen or \$2.75 per hen yearly.

Not enough margin of profit, but yet it is not producing at a loss and one should have courage to tide over hard times.

If your hens lay less than 10 dozen eggs a year its time you found out the reason and remedied it, but it is a fact that a good many flocks do lay less than that, therefore the loss and discouragement.

Study the business—the flock, the housing problem, the feed, and the buying and selling end. Co-operate when possible for cheaper supplies, also for better selling prices. If you have good utility stock contract your egg supply to a hatchery and reap the much better prices paid that way. A good Hatchery market will add 50c to a \$1. to the net profit per hen, yearly. Isn't it worth going after? See what the Country Gentleman of Sept. 23rd has to say about this end of the business.

A great many farmers could add considerably to their incomes from poultry if they would keep flocks of thoroughbred fowls of some good breed and produce hatching eggs of good quality.

There is a market for good hatching eggs that is growing larger every year, and it is a market that requires eggs from fairly flocks on free range, but the stock must be thoroughbred. This market is at the large commercial hatcheries that make a business of selling day-old chicks.

They find the demand for chicks greater than their supply, and in order to secure sufficient eggs are buying from poultry growers all over the country. They have found that eggs from small flocks of free range stock, as found on the farm, give them better results in fertility, hatchability and in vitality of the chicks than they can obtain from their own stock as kept on large poultry farms. Also it is practically impossible to have on hand stock of all breeds that their customers are likely to call for.

Many of the larger of these hatcheries are willing to make contracts with reliable parties for the production of their flocks during the months of February, March, April, May and June, and sometimes in the fall.

The price varies with the season, the fertility of the eggs and the breed of fowls. Early-season eggs bring the best price because the chicks can be sold for higher prices. The eggs from some breeds bring more than others, but as a usual thing the higher the price the smaller the demand, so it is often the best policy to breed the popular low-price breeds and sell quantities of eggs instead of a few.

Many of the hatcheries pay for the eggs according to the fertility test—so much a hundred when they test 70 per cent fertile and a certain percentage

NOW that the election is over, the spoiled frejoles in California? There to that question so far as Californians are concerned. Mr. Johnson came to California when the state was in the midst of a senatorial primary election struggle. He took his stand with the Crocker-Keesling gang of the state who represented the old line of politics and were backing Willis Booth for U. S. senator against Hiram Johnson, the big man of the state. Mr. Hughes guessed wrong. Hiram Johnson was bigger than the whole Crocker-Keesling-Otis-Booth company combined and won the senatorial race. Mr. Johnson then turned about and stumped the state for Mr. Hughes who had politically insulted him. At San Jose we heard Mr. Johnson's address which was a most ardent plea for support of Mr. Hughes, but even his popularity could not make the people forget the past and altho Johnson won over his democratic opponent 2 to 1, Mr. Hughes lost out. As has been said the Republican Crocker-Otis gang elected a Democratic president, and Mr. Wilson owes these men a debt he can never repay.

THE packers \$25,000,000 combine just consummated at San Jose Wednesday is the last straw on the rancher's back, and it would seem that his only protection now lay in the Prune and Apricot Grower's association which will shortly be the sole competitor of that wealthy combine. This is a rancher's association for ranchers while the packers are combining, not for ranchers.

Support Appreciated

San Jose, Cal., Nov. 14, 1916.

To the Voters of Campbell and Vicinity:
I wish to express my very sincere appreciation of the very gratifying endorsement received by me at your hands at the recent election. The approval received by a public official from a community such as that of Campbell and vicinity carries with it a sense of high responsibility, of which I am keenly conscious. It will be my earnest ambition to merit the good will of your people so flatteringly evinced.

Yours very truly,
FRANK H. BENSON.

League Debate Next

Saturday evening at 7:30 the Campbell Union High School will meet the Redwood City High School in debate. (In the same evening Campbell meets Santa Cruz at Santa Cruz and Redwood City High meets Santa Cruz at Redwood City—in other words, this is a triangular debate. The proposition for discussion is: "Resolved that the direct primary should be abolished in California."

Campbell's affirmative team, consisting of Archie Steinfeldt, Courtland Watson and Virginia Isiahm (alternate) will remain in Campbell to meet the Redwood City team. Campbell's negative team, consisting of Alice Toli, Edward Vanderson and Joseph Gomes (alternate) will go to Santa Cruz.

The trial debate was held Wednesday afternoon and gave promise of being one of the best efforts the high school has ever made in the debating line. By Saturday evening all the little weaknesses and defects in the speeches as made Wednesday will have been removed.

Admission is free, as to all the high school debates, and all persons interested are invited. The contest promises to be interesting and somewhat witty.

Wedding Bells Again

Miss Grace Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Preston, now residing in Campbell at the home of the late John Preston, was married Tuesday to Mr. Victor Gardenhire of Santa Clara. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock in the Christian church by the Rev. J. J. Evans, pastor. Miss Preston has but recently lived in Campbell, altho she has spent the past several summers here and has an acquaintance among the younger people. Mr. Gardenhire is manager of an orange packing house in Porterville, where they will reside after a short trip thru the southern part of the state.

Los Gatos Backs Down

The players of the Los Gatos Club refuse to mix with our "Athletics." "It is to laugh," Manager Spoedler of that Club seems to be the only blue blooded sport connected with the organization. Campbell has defeated the Clubs that put the "cleaner" on Los Gatos and since the Los Gatos players seem peeved to the extent of losing their nerve over the matter, the Campbell Athletics this week declared themselves the undisputed champions of the Santa Clara valley.

The "Athletics" are laying off this Sunday, the 19th. However, one of the fastest games of the season will be seen at Agnew Sunday the 26th when Campbell and Agnew cross "Clubs."

more in price per hundred for each five per cent additional.

The fall is the best time to make arrangements with the hatcheries for the production of next spring, and those desiring to try this market should write some of the large hatcheries for information, stating what they have to offer. Distance need make little difference, as I know of a large hatchery in Maine that purchased thousands of hatching eggs from breeds in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, having them shipped to them by express.

J. R. K.

Quality stationery at Smith's.

Local and Personal

Miss Avaline Carlton of San Francisco was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Bradford.

Going out of the chicken business Choice breeding hens from 65 cents up. Three large Cyphers incubators at \$16 each. A large gentle work horse for \$12. ALEXANDER, 48 Dillon Ave.

The Ada Rebekahs will hold their regular meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. A short program and refreshments will follow the regular business session. All Ada Rebekahs urged to attend.

Mrs. Robert Hamilton was brot home from the hospital the first of the week to remain until sufficiently recovered to submit to a second operation. She is being cared for by Miss Grace Bohnett.

In another column it reads that H. W. Morton has moved. It should be W. T. Morton. In this connection their many friends are very glad that they were able to secure a residence and remain in Campbell.

The many friends of James Fabinger will regret to hear that an X ray examination of his ankle, injured in the basket ball game here election day, showed that the tibia was fractured, which will keep him out of athletics for some time.

Miss Dorothy Feathers, one of the class of '16 and a member of last year's debating team visited the High School Wednesday to hear the practice debate. She says that her brother, Clifford, has been transferred from the S. P. office in South San Francisco to Gilroy.

Orchard City Grange enjoyed a pleasant evening Tuesday, when the third and fourth degrees were conferred upon a class of seven. Following the initiation, one of the Grange's celebrated banquets was served, in which pumpkin pies figured prominently, together with other good things innumerable. Several interesting speeches and toasts were given by different members.

"Lights Out"

"What! Arrested? You don't say so." "Well, I thot better of him than that." "Got his deserts." "No better than the rest." That's the talk of the town concerning one of our well-known men and an official, too. You'll hear the story, so I might as well tell you.

A jovial bunch of local Odd Fellows went up to Gatos Tuesday evening to see the work. Some went in autos and some went in Fords. That's what caused the trouble. The town marshal with his weather eye spotted a poor innocent looking Lizzie without any glims and altho the brass band on the radiator was playing up well under the city lights, he notified friend; (I nearly told his name,) by the usual course adopted and pursued when informing the party on the inside of a lodge, of proceedings on the outside.

After a second notice, Brother T. L. hustled out to save his steed from disgrace. His oil lamps had burned out!

"Oscar" Injured

Miss Angeline Weaver of the High School faculty narrowly escaped being the victim of a serious accident Tuesday evening as she was on her way to her home in the Willows. As she was about to cross Johnson Avenue on Hamilton, altho having the right of way, she saw a car coming south on the highway at a terrific rate of speed, and not slowing up at all for the intersection of the roads.

In an endeavor to avoid a head-on collision, she tried to turn the corner to the right, inside the other car, but could not make a sharp enough turn to escape entirely. The front axle of her machine was broken and some minor damages inflicted, while the other auto suffered only a dislodged tire and a few dems, the occupants of both cars coming out of the wreck unscathed, except for the nerve shock.

The driver of the other car, acknowledged himself in fault and immediately offered to pay for the repairs. Miss Weaver is receiving congratulations on her fortunate escape.

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That's what we can offer you, but there aren't many chances left. If you want us "to show you," why not come and investigate?
GEO. M. ELLISON,
The Mission Hatchery, Campbell.

Congregational Church Notes

The pastor will speak next Sunday morning on the theme, "Putting Life to the Test"; and in the evening on, "Life's Handicaps".

We recognize the mid-week meeting as one of the most important features of our church life. It is worthy of the best effort that we can put into it. Its purpose is the strengthening of the Christian life through the exercise of prayer and the study of Divine truth. It should be both deeply devotional and sanely educational. "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord".

The Fellowship Meeting this (Thursday) evening looks to the well rounded task of our broader relations and activities. It is intended to set before us the needs of our own local field and our responsibilities in the common task of bringing in the Kingdom of Heaven. The membership of the Church and Congregation is invited. The Supper is to begin at 6:30 o'clock. The speaking will immediately follow the Supper. Mr. E. A. King, Mr. C. G. Marshall and Mr. F. C. Rolis, of San Jose, Sunnyvale and Saratoga, respectively, will speak.

Methodist Church Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd attended the reception given Thursday evening to their new pastor, Rev. D. O. Colegrove, by the College Park church.

The Brotherhood class is giving a banquet this evening (Friday) to the Do-It-Now class.

The sermon topics for Sunday will be, "A Spiritual Diagnosis," in the morning; and, in the evening, "The Deception of Wealth." Mr. Cramer will conduct the League meeting at 6:30.

The Methodist Ministers of the valley will meet at 29th St. Church, San Jose, Monday afternoon and evening.

Remember the Bazaar to be given by the ladies next Friday. Come and buy Christmas presents for all your friends and neighbors.

Nov. 26 is Go-To-Church Sunday in Campbell. Stir up all those careless people who used to go to church in the East and stir up our churches on that day.

Why He Remained Home.

Model Husband (boastfully) — Yes, gentlemen, I've been married ten years and never spent a night away from home yet.

Doubling Thomas—Large and interesting family, eh?

"Only three of us."

"Have one child, eh?"

"No; the other is my wife's mother."

Well! What Was It?
Speaking of fame, what was the name of Molly Pitcher's husband?
Boston Transcript.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of John Tredson, sometimes known as John Trotson, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last Will and Testament of John Tredson, sometimes known as John Trotson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within four months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said executor at the office of L. D. Bohnett, Rooms 318-314 Bank of San Jose Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Cal., this 13th day of October, A. D. 1916.

A. O. SJOLUND
Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Tredson, sometimes known as John Trotson, Deceased.
L. D. Bohnett, 1st pub. 10-20-16
Attorney for said Executor.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hail's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hail's Family Pills for constipation.

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